



2016 EDITION IX
THE HEART OF MEDICINE

type . cast

Editor's Note

As physicians-in-training we've always been taught to let the clinical picture guide our decision making. At its essence, practicing medicine requires lifelong honing of the senses. That's what makes "Senses" by Dino Maglic an ideal fit for this year's cover. This charcoal sketch represents extensions of our senses, with the stethoscope as an adjunct to hearing and the eyeglasses as an enhancement to sight.

This year's theme draws its inspiration from the Greek Philosopher Empedocles's concept of the Four Elements. Although from a scientific point of view this understanding of the universe has long been eclipsed, it remains an interesting lens through which we can view the world around us. We have attempted to capture the essence of Earth, Wind (Air), Fire and Water in the pages of this magazine.

It is my hope that you enjoy type.cast IX as much as we enjoyed assembling it.

Tamoore Arshad

Tamoore Arshad, MS3 - Editor-in-Chief

Online version

Our magazine can now also be found online!
Please visit www.ecu.edu/typecast

Back Cover:

Contrast

Tamoore Arshad, MS3
Brody School of Medicine

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Special Thanks

For the continued support and recognition of type.cast's importance within the East Carolina University Health Sciences community, the current student editors would like to recognize the following:

Department of Bioethics and Interdisciplinary Studies
William E. Laupus Health Sciences Library
Dr. Todd Savitt
Mrs. Pat Harrington



Feedback

We welcome comments, suggestions, donations and submissions for future editions.

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Earth

Nomad

Tamoore Arshad, MS3
Brody School of Medicine





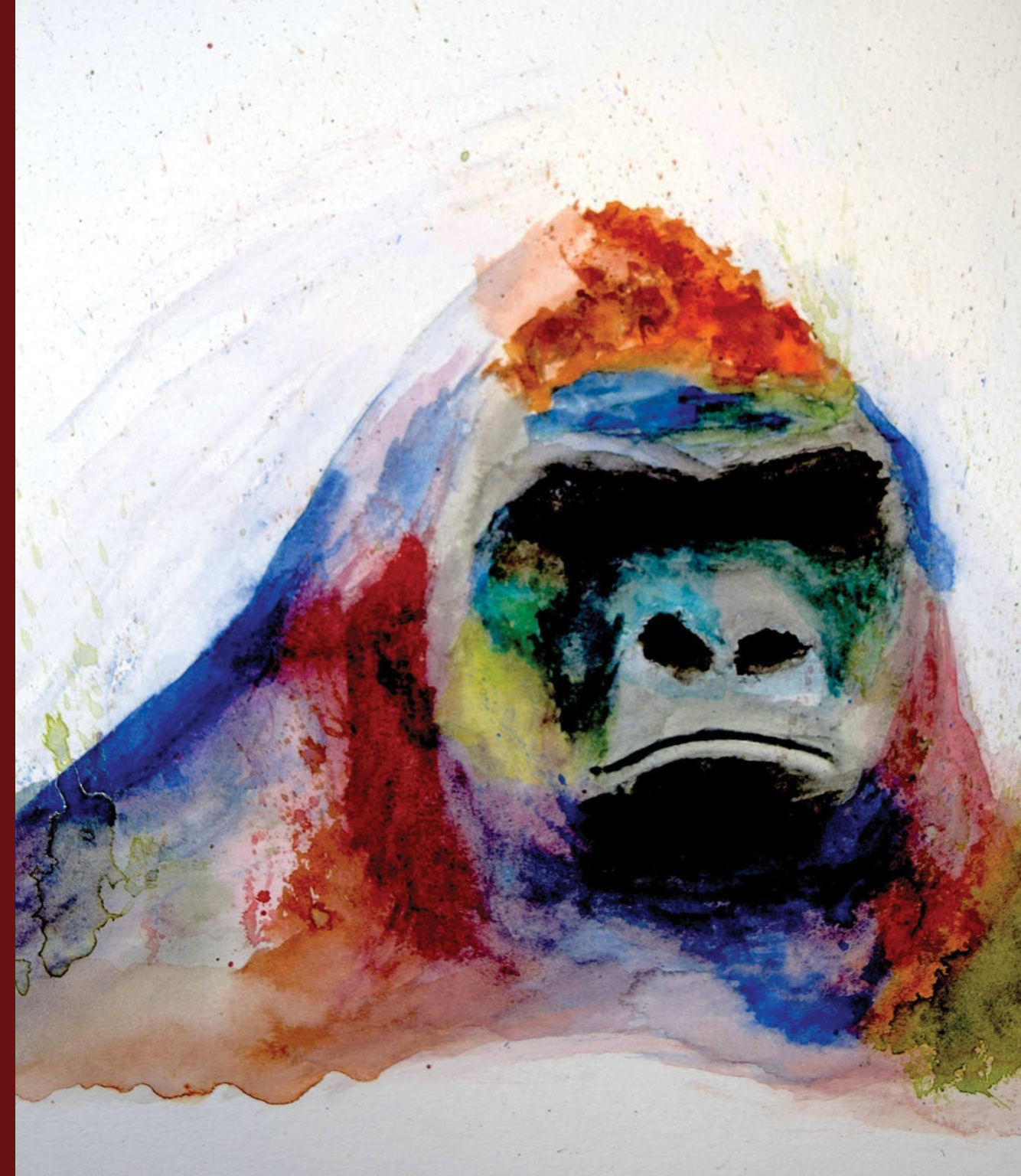
Hominidae▶

(Water Color)

Rachel Wilson, MS3
Brody School of Medicine

◀ Unattended

Rachel Wilson, MS3
Brody School of Medicine





Noise,

Though it was hard to tell what kind of noise. I had spent a lot of time in hostels. It wasn't infrequent for someone in one of those six to ten beds to be having sex. It was usually pretty obvious and gave you enough time to put in earphones. But it didn't sound like that.

They thought I was sleeping. I had slept a few hours but awoke, my body calibrating to Madrid time. It was 2 AM when they began to settle in the small, empty bed below mine. I was lying on my back, staring at the ceiling that I could hardly make out in the dark.

She tiptoed around my sandals that I had left next to the ladder of the bunk bed. She pulled the zipper of her suitcase gingerly, attempting to stifle the noise. While she carefully placed her valuables in her locker, he lay in the bed. I didn't even know he was there until the conversation started, and his deep voice resonated in the darkness.

It seemed fairly normal at first. I couldn't make out any of what they were saying—my Spanish was subpar and my apathy was top-notch — but I appreciated their attempts not to wake me, or the rest of the hostellers, up.

◀ Untitled

(Charcoal on Bismuth Smooth)

Dino Maglic, MS3
Brody School of Medicine

Noise

Catherine Thriveni, MS1
Brody School of Medicine

They were talking. Murmuring in Spanish and sometimes English. That's when the noise came. Though it was hard to tell what kind of noise she was making.

At first I thought they were kissing, a logical guess. But, no, it didn't sound like that. Was she laughing? Maybe covering her mouth with a hand or a pillow? Or maybe it was just her Spanish accent giving the inhales between words a little more personality.

No. It became clear in hardly any time at all that she was crying. Softly at first, then sobbing, gasping for air in between. Speaking short bursts of hushed Spanish.

He stayed silent. I didn't move. I made myself as stiff as the mattress below my spine and looked up at nothing as she purged herself of her agony. He didn't speak. He hardly said anything as she cried and sniffed and spoke and breathed haltingly in between—all the while attempting to keep her voice down.

Finally I heard her say,
“But if you call her you'll have those thoughts again.” More silence on his end.

Infidelity.

That one word, though unspoken—so loaded with grief and guilt—filled the space between their bodies on the bed below mine.

I didn't say anything. I didn't do anything. I just listened. Listened with the insufferable curse of empathy. And waited. Waited until she was finally out of tears.

He said something. She sniffed. More words from the deep voice. Kissing noise.

And somewhere in the noise of their reconciliation, every space inside me—in my stomach, in between my collarbones, at the bottom of my lungs, at the tips of my fingers—was filled with a deafening silence.

Wind

Catching Wind

Cheryl Elhammoumi, MSN, RN, CCRN
Clinical Assistant Professor
ECU School of Nursing





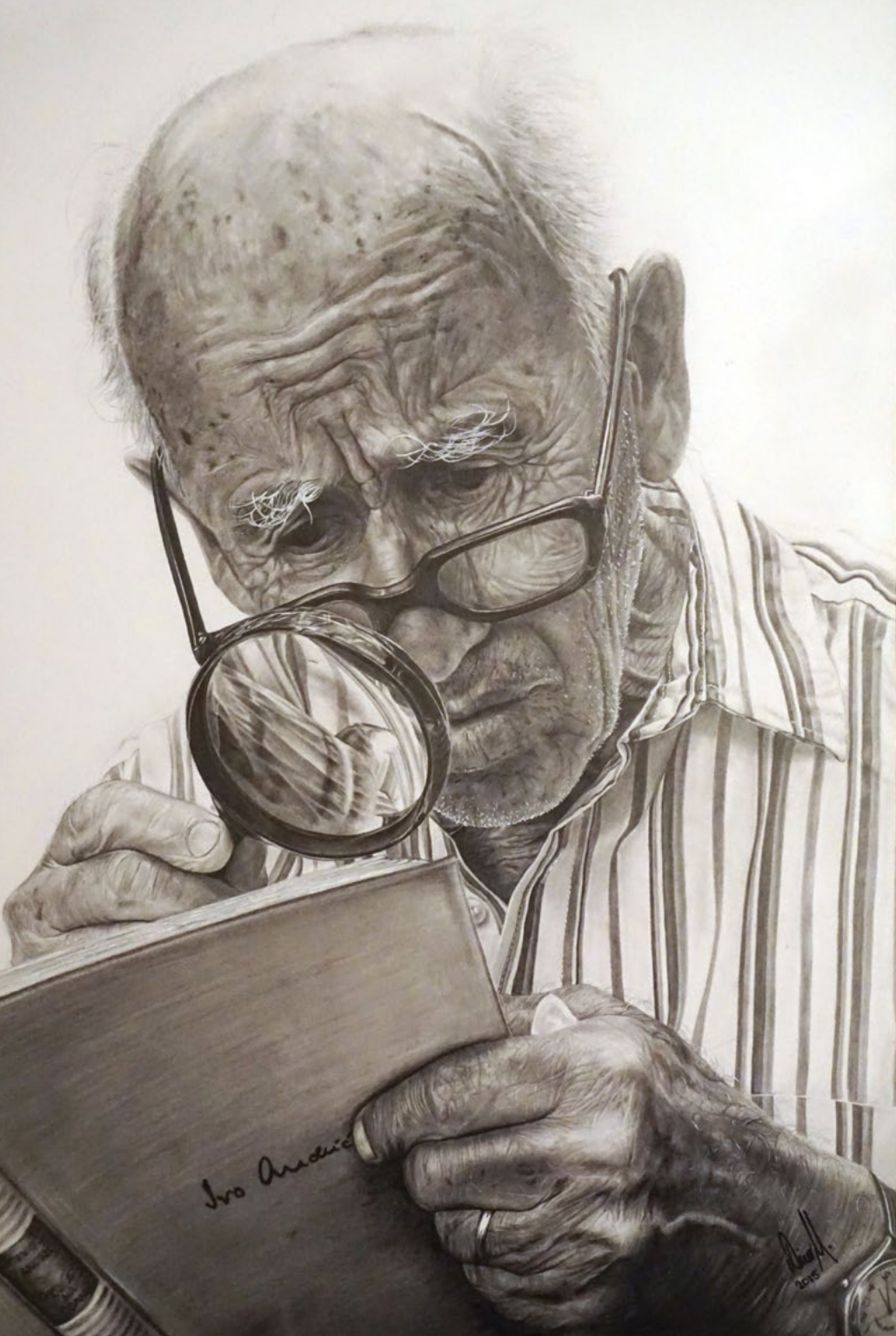
Flower ▶

Kendall Liner, MS4
Brody School of Medicine

◀ *Wisp*

Mehrin Islam, MS3
Brody School of Medicine





◀ *Dedo*

(Charcoal on Bismuth Smooth)

Dino Maglic, MS3
Brody School of Medicine

Acknowledgement

Arun Ajmera
Brody School of Medicine, MS3

Senses willfully
accepting one's certitude
admits existence.



Only the Little Table

Frank Jackson, MS1
Brody School of Medicine

Then, it was simple. There was work and there was cooking and eating and everything was at the same time every day. We did what we had to then we came together again.

She had roommates but I don't remember them. They were there and that was fine.

One evening we came home and found the furniture in the den missing. A roommate and her things were gone. The next morning we made breakfast and ate our meal from the floor, our plates resting on the sole thing left behind—a small, oak coffee table. I made the coffee and she the food and we sat on the floor with only the little table between us and ate and talked and smiled at each other, and the sun shone through the thick air and the trees and shrubbery soaking with dew and then through the glass door to my right—her left—and warmed the wood flooring around us. In the sunlight I saw dust on the floor where the furniture had sat. The heat from the sun was kinder than it would be in a few hours. It was a humid summer.

Now we live apart but are still very much together. There is more to think about but it doesn't matter.

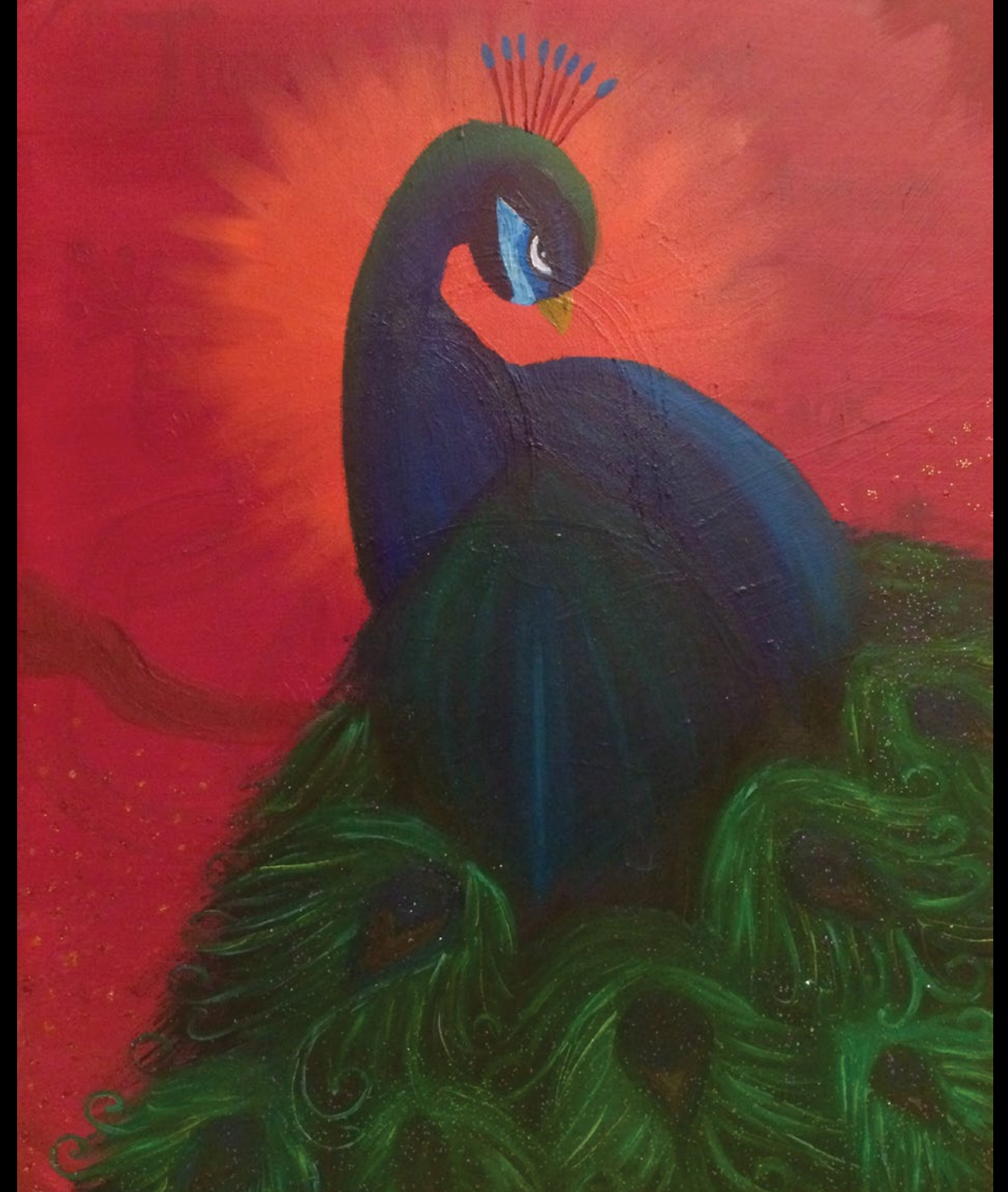
It was simple then, and sometimes there wasn't even color because it was so simple. It is simple now, too. But it was certainly then.

FIRE

CASPER

(Oil on Canvas)

Mehrin Islam, MS3
Brody School of Medicine



RALEIGH CITYSCAPE

Adam O'Connor, MS1
Brody School of Medicine





◀ PERSPECTIVE

(Oil on Canvas)

Mehrin Islam, MS3
Brody School of Medicine

BLISS ▶

Tamoore Arshad, MS3
Brody School of Medicine



Water



Suspension

Rachel Wilson, MS3
Brody School of Medicine



Gator

Ryan Martiniuk, MS3
Brody School of Medicine



Marsh Tour

Adam O'Connor, MS1
Brody School of Medicine



Mirror Lake

Robert Stanley, MS1
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Big Sur

Elaine Shao, MS4
Brody School of Medicine



THE HEART OF MEDICINE